

David Hill Road

Who ever owned this '54 Chevy sedan
must not have been a mechanic
or a conjurer who could raise machinery
from the dead. Instead, too cheap
to have it towed, the car rests
in a traffic of weeds.
Seed tufts poke through the grill
like steam issuing from an overheated radiator.
Plum trees blossoming form clouds of exhaust,
while a blackberry vine, a policeman, taps
at the driver's window.
On clear summer nights,
under the bright headlight of the moon,
crickets hum a well tuned engine.
The Chevrolet appears to be speeding through
the soft blue landscape into tomorrow--
rushing into the future
of its own slow decay.

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Mark Thalman